

REVOLT SPREADS.

Russian Peasants Stirred by Strikers' Wrongs.

CALL FOR MORE TROOPS.

Riots and Pillaging Reported from Several Districts.

Minister of Interior Besieged With Requests for Soldiers to Suppress Disorder—Unable to Respond—Trouble Expected to Grow When Winter Breaks—Cities Peaceful Only Because Martial Law Is in Force—Czar and the Grand Dukes Forced to Keep in Retirement.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.
ST. PETERSBURG, March 11.—The anniversary of the freedom of the serfs a week ago passed with outward quietness at St. Petersburg and other great centers, but there could be no greater mistake than to suppose this to be an indication that Russia's myriads of peasantry are not deeply affected by the movement which has achieved its first results in the urban and industrial centers. The Czar's hurriedly issued rescript may have induced the decision to allow the occasion to pass without demonstration, but it has not the slightest effect in checking the progress of the revolutionary movement in town and country districts.

For many months past an organization which has completely baffled Russia's far famed secret police has been at work among the waterbound peasantry. Its agents have carried far and wide the story of St. Petersburg, of the sufferings and efforts and achievements of the workingmen of the cities. Their efforts have been fruitful, and now a widespread peasant rising is foreseen at the end of winter when the roads will make it practicable.

It is already widespread in the provinces of Orel and Kursk, where the agitation began openly a fortnight ago, since which time it has been daily increasing in magnitude. In these and other districts secret agents have been succeeded by even more potent preachers of the gospel of freedom. These have been actually provided by the bureaucratic Government itself, which has been deporting from the cities, especially St. Petersburg, on the ground of political offenses, large numbers of disaffected artisans and students.

Thus, an unsuccessful attempt to weaken the movement in the cities has strengthened it in the country. Under the leadership of these men open meetings are held daily throughout Kursk and Orel at which decisions are made that the households of reactionary landowners and officials be attacked.

An account which the Government permitted to be published in the *Russki Viedomosti*, says that the districts of Dmitriev and Zosk are pillaged nightly by large masses of peasantry. The granaries are plundered, estate buildings ransacked and forests cut down. More than a dozen landed estates have been totally devastated. The magnates, and their dependents are panic-stricken and have telegraphed to M. Boulogne, the Minister of the Interior, asking him for troops, but he has as yet been able to send only a few companies. The last fact alone is sufficient to show how desperate, from the authorities' point of view, is the internal situation of Russia.

Because last Saturday and Sunday, contrary to the almost universal expectation, passed without a general rising, or at least a serious demonstration, and because order and quietness continue to be maintained at St. Petersburg, Warsaw and Moscow, it must not be supposed that the situation in Russia has improved.

Never, as a matter of fact, during the past twelve months has the internal situation been worse. The rising in Orel and Kursk is still only in the initial stages. It may, moreover, be regarded as the beginning of a great peasant uprising when winter loosens its grip on the land. If sufficient troops cannot be spared to handle these present uprisings, which are the more commencement of the movement, what will be the condition when they are demanded in a hundred other quarters?

With a prospect such as this among the peasants the authorities have not made the slightest progress in quelling the movement in the cities. The great cities are still practically in a condition of martial law. Order is maintained, but only by the presence of large bodies of troops. There is not the slightest indication among the leaders of the workmen falling away from the leaders. If the authorities still maintain external order by means of terrorism they in their turn are held in a state of terrorism by the people.

The Czar and the Dowager Zarina remain at Tsar-kos-Sos. Of the three Grand Dukes to whom Russia owes so many of her misfortunes, but one, Vladimir, remains. The bomb thrown at Moscow removed Sergius, and a week ago fear drove Alexis into luxurious exile. His secret flight was fittingly preceded the day before by that of his mistress, Baletta, an actress, who for weeks has been unable to appear either in a stage box or at the theatre on account of the reproaches and insults hurled at her by the audience.

STONEBRIDGE ICE PALACE.

Been a-Building in The Bronx Since December—Housewarming in It.

The Stonebridge Ice Palace in The Bronx had a housewarming last night. Not literally, but figuratively, because if the house had been warmed there wouldn't have been any housewarming. The palace is the real thing, though it isn't ice and isn't a palace. It is a snow house of two 8x10 rooms, frozen inside and out with the help of a few pals of water.

George E. Stonebridge of 414 Park avenue, The Bronx, is the owner, architect and builder. He started in December with one room 7 feet high and big enough to hold two persons. As it looked like a cold winter he decided to let it until it reached its present proportions.

The rooms are divided by two pillars of solid ice, joined by an arch. The roof slopes like an Egyptian hut. The entrance is only a little hole, but there is room inside. It is wired for electric lighting.

As spring is about to break, Mr. Stonebridge gave his housewarming last night, changing the regular order of events by holding the ceremony to celebrate the finish, not the beginning of the house. Refrigerated refreshments were served, and, as the local newspaper of The Bronx will inform the world this morning, "games were indulged in and a good time was enjoyed by all."

NEGRO DEPARTMENT STORE.

Twenty-two Women of the Race Form a Corporation in Richmond, Va.

RICHMOND, Va., March 11.—Headed by Maggie L. Walker, a negro who is president of the bank, a flourishing institution of Richmond, twenty-two negro women to-day secured a charter from the Corporation Commission and will at once open a big store to be known as St. Luke's Emporium. The authorized capital of the company is \$25,000, but it is the purpose to largely increase it if the venture is successful.

The shares are \$10 each, and all of them are being purchased by negroes. While one or two men are on the board of directors and a man, Joseph N. Myers, is vice-president, the whole business practically is in the hands of women, and all of them live in Richmond.

The head of the business, Maggie L. Walker, has been a leading figure in the business world here for some time. Under her guidance St. Luke's Bank has become a flourishing institution and the negroes are being trained to save their money and to do so regularly. The women connected with the new store are the wives and daughters of leading negro residents, many of whom own property and have comfortable bank accounts.

FLABBERGASTED BURGLARS.

Break Into Factory at Night and Confront 25 Girls—Run for It.

The girl clock makers of J. C. Hirsch's factory, on the fourth floor of 41 West Seventeenth street, worked late last night on a rush job. The curtains were down, so the light didn't show on the street, and the rest of the building was dark and deserted. The foreman had gone out for a few minutes and there wasn't a man about the place.

"What's that, Mame?" suddenly cried the blonde who sat by the door. Twenty-five needles stopped, and fifty shawllike eyes were cocked. There was a faint scratching at the door, which stopped all of a sudden.

"You 'drummin' den," said Mame. "Ain't," responded Jen in a shivering voice, "listen!"

The scratching was going on louder and louder. It could be heard echoing through the dark, empty halls.

"May be it's rats!" whispered Mame. Twenty-five skirts were agitated violently.

"Rats!" I believe it is," cried Jen, and she jumped for the table. It set them off in a bunch. They all jumped and screamed, just as the door opened, and two men carrying a bar and a jimmy stood in the doorway.

The burglars were just as scared as the girls, though they didn't scream so loud. Any burglar would be scared if he started to open a deserted factory door with a jimmy at 10 P. M. and met twenty-five girls face to face. For a moment they contemplated the scene, and then ran for it. They butted through the skylight and scurried off by the roof.

A policeman who heard the screams and ran up the stairs. He was too late, the burglars were gone.

ONLY THEIR BIG CRY.

Twelve Young Men Give Matinee Goers a Treat—Just 'Nittin'.

Patrolling up and down the west side of Broadway yesterday afternoon from Twenty-third to Forty-second streets were two young men followed at a distance by ten others. The faces of the ten were expressions of grins. The two young men in the lead were looking serious and a little ridiculous. One of them wore an infant's white cap decorated with bright red roses. In his mouth was stuck a very big black cigar. His companion wore a straw hat with a green band and long green streamers. Each ear was covered with an emerald earring. This young man was dressed in a suit of black and white, and he carried a cane with a green handle and a few other frills, both young men were dressed normally.

They appeared on Broadway at Forty-second street when the streets were crowded with matinee goers. Every one stopped to rubber at them. Soon after they started their march, the two men in the lead began to hand out small printed cards to every one who would take one. These cards read:

"We are not crazy, even if we look it." "None of the paraders volunteered any explanation of why they were so diligently engaged in attracting attention to themselves, but it wasn't hard to guess who they were. A newsboy seized them up when he remarked:

"Ah, they're college blokes 'nittin' a couple of goers in a secret society."

MRS. CHADWICK FOUND GUILTY.

SHE MAKES A SCENE WHILE BEING RETURNED TO JAIL.

Goes Into Hysterics and Struggles With Her Guards—Shouts to Her Son That She Is Innocent—Jury Was Out Four Hours—Convicted on Seven Counts.

CLEVELAND, March 11.—Mrs. Cassio L. Chadwick was found guilty at 3:30 o'clock to-night in the Federal Court of conspiring to wreck the Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin. The jury had been out five hours. She will probably become an inmate of the Ohio Penitentiary, where she served several years ago for forgery under the name of Mme. Devere.

Mrs. Chadwick, owing to her deafness, could not hear the words of Clerk W. F. Gaffney, who read the verdict of the jury. After the reading was completed, Judge Francis J. Wing, her attorney, turned to her and announced the result. He simply said: "Guilty."

During the reading of the verdict Mrs. Chadwick leaned upon the arm of her son, Emil. When Judge Wing told her the result she burst into tears. Emil tried to comfort her. Judge Wing endeavored to have her cease her sobbing. Two trained nurses from St. Alexis Hospital were at her side should anything serious occur.

A few minutes the woman dried her eyes with her handkerchief and lifted her head from the trial table. Deputy Marshals Clobitz and Wagner stepped to her side and escorted her from the court room without objections. Emil walked by her side and assisted her.

Outside the court room in the hall way Mrs. Chadwick began to grow hysterical. She would have fallen to the floor had she not been caught by the deputies. In an instant her mood changed and she grew hysterical, endeavoring to break away from the officials.

"Oh Emil, Emil! How can I ever look you in the face again!" she wailed in her struggles. "I am not guilty! I am not guilty!" she shouted. "Let me go, let me go, I say! I am not guilty!"

The woman's strength grew with her frenzy, and it required the effort of several deputies to control her. At this time the elevator arrived and Emil stooping down placed his shoulder under his mother's arm and half carried her into it. She was taken to the office of United States Marshal Chandler on the next floor below. There Emil, the two nurses and Judge Wing attempted to quiet her.

In the marshal's office she was again in hysterics, but was finally quieted. She was taken to the elevator. As she walked along the corridor she passed United States District Attorney Sullivan, who happened to be standing in the doorway to his own office, but Mrs. Chadwick did not look at him.

After the verdict was announced counsel for the defense made a motion for a new trial and arguments will be heard on it Monday or Tuesday. The maximum sentence for the crime on the seven counts on which Mrs. Chadwick was convicted is fourteen years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$70,000 and the minimum a penitentiary sentence of seven years and a fine of \$7,000.

Mrs. Chadwick was convicted for conspiracy to defraud a national bank when she had funds or credit in the bank, to the hazard of the depositors and stockholders of the bank. She was convicted under Section 5440 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. The other six Federal indictments against her will probably be nolle prosequi.

There are three cases, each charging forgery in the Common Pleas Court against her for forgery of the Carnegie notes. County Prosecutor Kesler will not have an opportunity to try her upon this charge. Unless the motion for a new trial is granted, Mrs. Chadwick will be taken directly to the penitentiary.

The next step in the case will doubtless be the trial of Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, Mrs. Chadwick's husband, in the Common Pleas Court on the indictment in which he and his wife are charged jointly with the forgery of the \$5,000.00 Carnegie note, which was held as security by Dr. Reynolds. He may be tried alone. Mrs. Chadwick may become a witness. Andrew Carnegie would also be called as a witness in the case.

Bursts of oratory and artful attempts to play on the feelings of the jury marked the closing day of the trial. For over two hours Attorney Dawley talked eloquently for Mrs. Chadwick. He was followed by District Attorney Sullivan, who made the closing argument. Judge Taylor delivered his charge to the jury, which retired at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon.

For the first time since her trial began Mrs. Chadwick did not have a cheery smile this morning for her attorneys when she came into court. Emil Hoover was there before his mother arrived and the greeting between mother and son was cordial. Mrs. Chadwick threw her arms about the neck of her boy and as she kissed him the tears came to her eyes. Neither said a word.

The indictment against Mrs. Chadwick originally contained sixteen counts. Upon a motion on Thursday the Judge struck out two of these counts. In his charge he struck out seven more, leaving only seven counts against the prisoner.

When Mr. Dawley mentioned in his speech the name of Emil Hoover, Mrs. Chadwick lost her composure completely and, burying her face in her handkerchief, wept.

"You, sir," said Dawley, his face white, his index finger pointed directly at the District Attorney, "are almost as much of a coward as Adam himself, the greatest coward and the world ever knew. He selected a sweet woman as his wife and agreed and promised to care for and protect her through life. What did he do? He ate the forbidden apple and then blamed it all on the woman. Why should he have sued him for divorce on the ground of desertion and should have asked for the Garden of Eden as alimony. Why don't you have the bank officer here to explain his acts and his conduct in this case? No, it is easier to blame it upon a woman. This was the easiest way out of it."

Mr. Sullivan in his argument affirmed that Mrs. Chadwick utterly lied and never finished. Speaking of Beckwith, Spear and the Oberlin bank, Sullivan said:

"There is no evidence that she ever had any wealth except the wealth of power that she had over men—this personal magnetism, hypnotism, occult influence—some power that God himself only knows the name of. Beckwith is dead. Two others are sick, and a suspended bank! Do you know what that means? The widows and the orphans whose all was there have been robbed."

TO GO ON A POLAR HUNT.

Col. Max Fleischmann to Start Next Year for Big Game in the Far North.

CINCINNATI, March 11.—Col. Max Fleischmann, millionaire bachelor, clubman, automobilist and partner with his brother, Max Julius, in the Fleischmann liquor interests, will make in the summer of 1905 a dash toward the Pole with the hope of reaching the farthest north point. He will also attempt to make a new record as a hunter of the big game of that region.

Col. Fleischmann has just completed the main arrangements for the enterprise by chartering a steamer for the long voyage.

After going to the very north, on an exploring and hunting expedition," said Col. Fleischmann to-day. "I have chartered for the purpose the steamer Laura. She was formerly a whaling vessel, but has been remodelled for Arctic sporting trips. She is about 100 feet long and very strongly built. The vessel is owned by Capt. Magnus Glavver of Tromsø, Norway."

The doctor took two German noblemen and their guests on a similar trip last summer. They were quite successful and killed some walrus and about a dozen polar bears, capturing two polar bear cubs. I expect to have only one or two companions besides my valet and the crew. We shall leave one year from next May. We expect to reach Tromsø about June 1, so as to start as soon as the ice breaks and work our way among the floating ice."

MRS. FRAWLEY GETS A DIVORCE.

Mysterious New York Woman in South Dakota Obtains Her Decree.

ST. PAUL, S. D., March 11.—The granting of a divorce by Judge Gaffey, while holding a term of State Circuit Court in Hughes county, to Marion Morris Frawley of New York has revived interest in the plaintiff, who was the mysterious member of the divorce colony of this city.

While a resident of Sioux Falls she was supposed to be the wife of State Senator James Frawley of New York. That man, however, has positively denied ever being married. Last January, when it was discovered that the woman who was supposed to be his wife was in Sioux Falls, he issued a statement that he never was married and that this story of his having a wife was often repeated as the work of personal enmity.

Nevertheless, the woman in the question was divorced from James Frawley. She also got the custody of her infant child, but the father has the privilege, if he wishes, to see the child once each week.

After procuring her decree, Mrs. Frawley left for Buffalo where her parents reside and where it is understood she will make her home in the future. The fact that she instituted her divorce suit in a county in the interior of the State and on the filing of a statement indicates that she desired to prevent knowledge of her suit becoming public.

MADE A LOCOMOTIVE RUN AWAY.

Stranger Takes a Ride in an Engine—Sends It Back Alone.

CHICAGO, March 11.—A runaway engine rushing up and down the tracks of the Illinois Central Railroad this morning furnished sport for a hilarious celebration, who caused excitement to residents along the line of the road and put the police at Woodlawn and South Chicago into a state of alarm.

The locomotive, which is used to haul meat from the stock yards each morning, was standing on the spur at Ninety-first street under full steam. The men of the crew were in the roundhouse preparing for their early run when a stranger jumped into the cab and opened the throttle. The engine went speeding down the tracks.

At Parkside the engine stopped, the mysterious man alighted, but before jumping from the cab he had opened the throttle again and started the engine south.

The police and the awakened residents watched the return of the locomotive. It came home faster than it went and only stopped when it struck another engine at Ninety-third street. Both engines were telescoped and wrecked.

HE WILL TAKE SIX MONTHS.

Nicely Dressed Young Fellow Wants to Dodge the Demon Rum.

A tall, good looking young man, correctly dressed, entered the Tenderloin station last night. Sergeant Wilson looked up from the desk, expecting to take a complaint of a residential burglar.

"I have an enemy," said the young man. "Well," said the Sergeant, "who's your enemy?"

"Myself!" was the answer. "I'm my own worst enemy. Drink's the matter with me. I want to be locked up."

"What good would that do?" asked the sergeant.

"The block," said the young man, "would have salutary effect. I've been at it eight years now. I'm cast out by a good family. I've lost everything, and I want to be locked up."

"All right," said the sergeant, "what's your name and address?"

"My name is Leon Stewart. At least, that's the name I go under, but I haven't any."

"I suppose you are aware," said the sergeant, "that if you're arraigned in the police court without any address you stand a chance of going to the island for six months as a vagrant?"

The young man pondered awhile.

"Well," he said, "that would be rather more drastic than I thought. But I suppose six months away from liquor would do me good, and I'm a pretty desperate case. I guess, we'll let it go at that. No more."

He was locked up. The sergeant wasn't sure last night whether it was remorse or a fraternity initiation.

GOULD BROKAW FIRE ARREST.

CARETAKER JOHNSON ACCUSED OF ARSON AND THEFT.

Owner of Madison Ave. House Missed Things That Wouldn't Burn, and Man Dressed Too Well—Servant Girl's Life Endangered—Auto Trophies Recovered.

The mystery of the fire which on Feb. 21 damaged W. Gould Brokaw's house at 774 Madison avenue to the extent of \$5,000, was cleared up last night, the police said, when they arrested Oscar S. Johnson, who was a caretaker at the house. Johnson was arrested by Capt. Hogan and Detectives Bonser and Maguire of the East Sixty-seventh street station house on a double charge of grand larceny and arson in the second degree. The first charge was preferred by Mr. Brokaw; the second by Deputy Fire Marshal Herman W. de Malignon.

Mr. Brokaw was in Florida and the only occupant of the house when the fire was discovered was a maid, Katy Bremer, who was asleep on the fourth floor and was overcome by the smoke when Policeman Mooney of the East Sixty-seventh street station rescued her. Two hours after the fire, Johnson turned up, apparently much surprised at what had happened.

At the time it was believed that the fire had started from short circuited wires on the second floor. Suspicion was first aroused when Mr. Brokaw returned a few days after the fire and found many things missing which could not possibly have been burned. He at first placed Princeton detectives on the case, but, as their reports showed no progress, he appealed to Capt. Hogan, who set to work promptly.

The detectives suspected Johnson and soon learned that he was dressing and spending money far beyond his apparent means. They followed him for several days and discovered that he had dealings with pawnbrokers all over the city.

They arrested Johnson last night and then visited the pawnshops, where they gathered in the following:

Eight for automobile coats, twelve silver trophy cups, won by Mr. Brokaw in automobile races and inscribed with his name; ten suits of clothes, twelve fancy ball costumes, including some valuable Japanese kimonos, and a large quantity of silver spoons.

The lost altogether is valued by Mr. Brokaw at \$10,000 or more. When arraigned in the station house Johnson, according to Capt. Hogan, confessed. He said that on the morning of the fire he went to a closet on the second floor, saturated a pile of papers with kerosene and set fire to it. Then he went to a house on Fifth avenue where he had charge of the furnace and awaited results. Johnson admitted that he knew of the maid's presence in the house and the danger he was placing her in; but he seemed to care little about it. He told the police that he had been stealing from the house during Mr. Brokaw's absence, and realizing that detection was certain he tried to cover his thefts by burning the house.

Johnson had been in Mr. Brokaw's employ for over two years. He is a good looking young fellow of about twenty-four, and was handsomely dressed when arrested. He was searched at the station house, and over \$100 worth of pins and rings belonging to Mr. Brokaw was found on him.

Mr. Brokaw refused last night to discuss the case.

GIRL ARTIST'S FLIGHT.

Rags Left Her Like Florn McElhenny Until the Court Rejected.

Miss Estelle Huntington Higgins, who has a studio on the third floor of 57 West Fifty-ninth street, with photographs and sketches and lots of pictures in it, appeared in the Yorkville court yesterday against Arthur Haddock of 517 West Twenty-seventh street, alias Robert Rags, whom she chased into room, on the fifth night.

Which Rags abducted from the studio was on the desk in front of Magistrate O'Brien. The pawn tickets and keys found on Rags were also in evidence. He was held for trial in \$1,000 bail.

"Give the box to the property clerk," said the Court, and one of the clerks started to pick it up. The cover fell off, and a few standing near could see that not all the clothes it contained were black.

"No, I don't don't!" exclaimed Miss Higgins, why, all the clothes I've got, except what I have on, are in there."

"Well, madame, we have to retain the stolen goods in order to obtain a conviction," replied the Court.

"Must you have them all?" asked the woman.

"This is lent, you know, and you won't be going to many places, so you won't need them," said the Magistrate.

"Yes, but I must have some of the clothes," was the reply.

"Well," replied the Judge to the clerk, "let her have part of them, but don't open the box in here. Some of us might blush."

The fair artist made her selections in the Magistrate's room.

"I wonder what that thief thought he was getting," remarked the prison matron who supervised the process.

PRESIDENT'S SOUTHERN TRIP.

He Expects to Start for Texas on April 7—To Hunt Lions in Colorado.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—President Roosevelt to-day accepted the invitation of Senator Patterson of Colorado to be the guest of the Denver Chamber of Commerce at a banquet proposed to be given in his honor upon the occasion of his expected visit to Colorado.

The President expects to leave here on April 7 for San Antonio, Tex., where he will attend the reunion of First Volunteer Cavalry, and from there he will go to western Colorado to hunt mountain lions. After his lion hunt he will be in the district of Julesburg, where he will be fixed when his schedule is definitely arranged.

CACHE THAW OUT.

Stolen Jewelry Found After the Ice Had Let Go of It.

Detective Hayes of the West 125th street station dug up yesterday afternoon from under a piece of Lenox avenue and 110th street, several pieces of jewelry which had been stolen on Dec. 22 by twelve-year-old Frederick Hartman from the apartments of Jules Hayes, at 117 West 110th street. The collection included a pearl necklace, a bracelet to match, a gold and pearl brooch and several rings. The boy when arrested told where the jewelry was and the detectives went there at the time, but the piece was buried under ice. Yesterday Hayes got the stuff.

BY HIS OWN BURGLAR ALARM.

John Stevens May Lose the Sight of His Left Eye.

Injured by the accidental explosion of a burglar alarm of his own invention, John Stevens, 65 years old, a resident of Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, will probably lose the sight of one of his eyes.

There have recently been a number of burglaries in Mariner's Harbor and vicinity, and Stevens set himself to invent an apparatus that would awaken him in case an attempt should be made unlawfully to enter his house. He finished his invention last evening and had it in position at one of the windows. On the inside sill of the window stood a cartridge from which a wire extended to the top of the window, where it was attached to a heavy weight. The apparatus was so arranged that the raising of the window sash would cause the weight to fall on the cartridge and explode it by striking on the cap.

After he had everything in proper place last evening Stevens went outside the house to see if his contrivance could be seen from the outside. While he was peering through the window his young daughter, Mabel, not knowing the exact condition of affairs, raised the sash from the inside. The weight fell and the cartridge exploded. Stevens fell, after receiving a blast of powder in his face.

Much of the powder entered his left eye, and a doctor who was called to attend him said that the sight would be all probability be destroyed. Some of the powder grains entered the right eye, but the doctor says it is not permanently injured.

NEGROES KEPT FROM THEATRE.

Four Leave the Hudson Threatening to Make More Trouble.

Four negroes presented orchestra tickets at the Hudson Theatre last night. The doorkeeper held them up and referred the matter to Sam Wallace of the house staff, who firmly refused them admittance.

The negroes exchanged their tickets for cash at the box office and went away, threatening to make trouble.

EQUITABLE MUTUALIZATION.

Company's Committee Said to Have Divided 4 to 3.

In spite of reports that the committee of seven having in charge the mutualization of the Equitable Life Assurance Society were coming together, it was said in Wall Street yesterday that the committee stood 3 to 4, with Mr. Alexander, Mr. Tarbell and Cornelius N. Bliss advocating full mutualization and Mr. Hyde and his associates opposed to this, but reluctant to bring in a majority report under such conditions. Mr. Alexander is understood to have said at Friday's meeting that "every policyholder must have a voice."

The bill under preparation for the Criminals committee will probably be made public to-morrow. It is understood to call directly for the mutualization of the Equitable, providing that at every meeting for the election of directors each policyholder and each holder of a share of stocks shall be entitled to one vote.

ABROAD IN THE ALTOGETHER.

Denounced Italian Caught Running Noodle Through Shooked Jersey City Streets.

An Italian caused a commotion in Jersey City yesterday morning by springing along First street in the altogether. He didn't even wear socks to keep his feet warm.

Policeman Flannigan saw him as he turned into Newark avenue and hooted after him. He tackled the man as a football expert would and steered him into a hallway to